

A black and white photograph of a man with a mustache and a surprised expression, holding a sign. The man is wearing a dark shirt. The background is dark and textured. The text "The Omaha" is superimposed on the man's forehead, and "the pHeNix" is on the sign he is holding.

The Omaha

the pHeNix

THE OMEN

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to stand by whatever you said. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not okay in the forum and will not be printed.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (our news, our opinions, our artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527) or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY macintosh), although hard copy (on paper) is okay too. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you no problem.

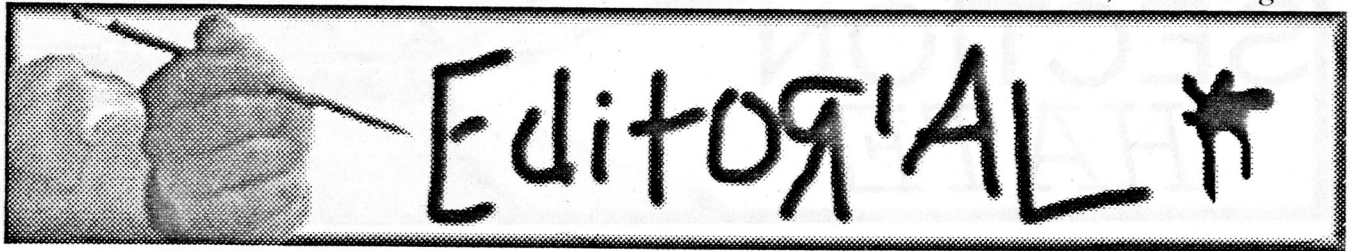
So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?

"Goin' up to see Capt. Kirk like a jerk
out of work" - Flavor Flav

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How Love Changed Me

I didn't really realize how happy my girlfriend, (I'll refer to her as "Liana X" from here on out to protect her identity) made me until I returned home to New York City for Thanksgiving break.

First of all, I stopped picking up children and throwing them into traffic. Sure, when I was single and bitter there was nothing I would like to see more than a crying baby or small toddler being stolen from the arms of their mother then thrown in front of a Mack truck, or steam-roller. Each crack of bone signified a chirp in my heart, and each spurt of blood was a glimmer in my eye. Oh, I almost forgot the screams. I loved the screams.

I had my chances too. I was carrying some heavy furniture home, and this guy with a stroller was taking up the whole width of the block. Normally, I'd just deck the guy, and throw the heavy furniture on the kid in the stroller, then just roll away. HEY, it's easier to get it home that way.

Now, I know what you're thinking, you're thinking, "Jon, shouldn't you have killed the guy?" Of course not, you ignoramus. It's much more amusing to see the guy whimper and cry on the evening news, publicly, wondering if his precious progeny is still alive. The best thing about the whole situation is that if there is one of those reward-no questions asked type of

deals (and your heavy furniture hasn't squashed the kid) you can make yourself a nice amount of money.

But those days are over. There's love in my heart where a void once existed. Hearing Liana's laugh, and seeing Liana's smile have replaced the more gratuitous sensations. God, I love her.

Actually, I do love her, but I don't believe in God. That reminds me of what I did the week before coming to Hampshire this year. I was sad and lonely on a hot summer's day (just me and my posse and MCA). The humidity was unbearable. I passed by a church with open doors and I notice that there were a lot of candles lit. It was so ridiculous, all that extra heat. I had to cool the place out, or I was going to go nuts. I knew everyone would listen to my Honeybunny.

Honeybunny was my sawed-off twenty-two gauge shotgun. I made all the parishioners drop their pants, and then I made them put out the candles by sitting on them. Since I had everyone's attention, I decided to cure one of society's ills. I shot every priest's nuts off, so they could lay off molesting the children. There's nothing more awful then anyone who hurts a child. Bastards. At least when I do it, it's for a good reason. I'm friggin pissed!

I'd never do that nowadays. Especially since Liana is my new

honeybunny. Besides the fact that I'm too happy to attempt to cure all the world's problems, I wouldn't want to saw her or put bullets in her.

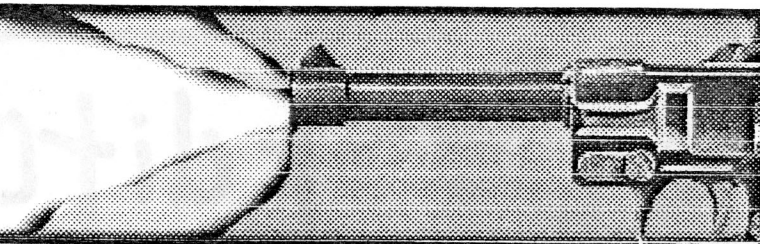
Liana is really smart, although she's not smart enough to have gone out with someone else. When I was in New York this past summer, I kept getting thrown into the slammer for blowing away cops. When I told Liana about the situation, she told me that, even though a police precinct is the best place to find a pig, I might not necessarily want to open fire while I'm there. WHERE HAS SHE BEEN ALL MY LIFE? I haven't had the chance to shoot a cop since I've been back, but I did throw a Molotov Cocktail into a firetruck passing by.

I do feel it somewhat necessary to say that she hasn't changed me completely. I mean, I still have to make her write a five to eight page essay everyday about why I'm the greatest boyfriend on Earth. She's a great human being, but she's still just a woman, and she still needs to be reminded that her place in society is still only second to men. Although, I love her so much, and she's so great that sometimes I forget that.

Well, I could go on and on about Liana, how much I love her,

Continued on next page

SECTION HATE



Steph Whips Out Her GATT

Well, you can lead a horse of a different color to water, but you can't beat a dead gift out of its mouth. And while I know I'm mixing my metaphors, no trite bromide can more concisely summarize my feeling about the dismaying election trends this country is resorting to. This is not merely a column on the recent Republican sweep of Federal/State/Local governments—with the blue blood of a former Republican running through my veins, I'm less upset by the turnover than I would have been by a validation of what was the status quo. Rather, this is a column devoted to my little observations about the mass frustration going on in this country, how it's manifesting itself in politics, and how the stage is being set for something grandiose, in a generation or so (that's when WE'RE in power, kids—audacious of me, but hey, ya gotta have dreams).

So, as of this writing, we have a GATT that's about to most likely go through, a NAFTA that set the stage for it, a NATO being crippled by its inability to smack some sense into the Balkans, a U.N. exhibiting the same malaise, and...well...an ASPCA that's still protecting animals? Bah, I don't know. The acronyms that rule our world are falling short and falling apart. Case in point. The world is

confused. And our country needs a new game.

The U.S. entered world politics after the abandonment of an isolation policy that coddled us through our incipient stages. Basically, we had some domestic issues to settle in the 19th century, and we settled them with a vengeance—kicking some righteous Confederate and British butt in the process, I might add. But then came Teddy Roosevelt and those spunky Rough Riders, and it was international police force from thereon in (please ignore this “sped” version of history). I'm talking WWI, WWII, and the subsequent skirmishes (Can you really call Vietnam a skirmish?...that's what the government gets for giving containment a chance.) that let this country flex its muscle and made Roberth Oppenheimer the poster child for the nuclear age.

Dr. Spock (of child development, not to be confused with Vulcan, fame.) might couch this progression in an analogy going something like this: #1 Country is born, teaches self to walk. #2) Country hits puberty, needs to learn rough lessons about self. #3) Country attains the “immortal” phase of early adulthood, and aggressively acts in international self-interest. #5) Country becomes a yuppie, buys a porsche, lives the

high life of the 70's and 80's. and my take, #6) Country hits mid-life crisis, starts picking domestic squabbles with the wife in a fit of boredom and a foreboding of impotence. And here we are.

So now we have a nation looking left and right for something to do. The games of its adolescence are gone—no more Manifest Destiny, no more Flanders Fields, no New Deal, no industrialized superiority—just a motley crew of contradictory trade agreements, some ineffectual intervention in Bosnia and Somalia (do we even need to address Cuba and Haiti?), and a chaotic home rule that one would like to say would be funny if it weren't so tragically ineffectual, but is actually just funny.

Okay, so people have been touting editorial gloom and doom about this nation ever since good

Continued on next page

Aww... How Cute

how happy she makes me, how her bruises go away fast after she “takes a bad fall”, but realizing that there are still miserable singles in the world, I'll stop my gratuitous, girl-ish rant. So, see you next week, and, Liana, I love you.

It's a GATTastrophe

ol' GW crossed the Delaware. At least we had some definitive foreign policy then. Now this country can't even get a grip on a formula for international policing. Do we Do It For Oil? Do we Do it For Democracy? One thing is for sure, we don't Do It Right. Korea ushered in a nebulous tactic of American warfare—what I like to call the Madonna “Justify Your Foreign Policy” method. Do what ya gotta do, commit if you have to, change policies whenever it suits you, and, most importantly, make sure you're not the one getting screwed. As we can see by the recent manifestations of that esteemed lady's career, it works for a while it's “Look at the unit on that guy!” But every phallic symbol comes to an end, and now, the U.S. is internationally flaccid.

Meanwhile, on the home front, things aren't looking any better. this country didn't pave the way for the enhanced power of Newt Gingrich and Jesse Helms because it wants more erotic shots of their Conservative mugs gracing the cover of “Newsweek.” Rather, the nation is confused. A few years ago, the Republicans weren't doing it for us, so we made them walk the political plank and re-stocked the sinking ship of Congress and the Presidency with some Democrats. A few years later...things still don't seem right (no pun intended)...so we bring back the GOP. the teeter-totter we're riding is starting to look a lot like the epileptic mechanical bull from “Urban Cowboy.” And we're the ones getting

pitched off—because the voters, at the fulcrum, only know things “aren't good,” while they lack a definitive notion of what would be “not bad.” Confusion fueled the upsets in the recent election, not unilateral conservatism.

A conundrum. We just don't know what to do with ourselves. So here are a few of my (uneducated, only-21, reactionary) suggestions for a new and improved USA.

#1) Definitive foreign policy, resulting in either isolationism, or imperialism. This police-force crud doesn't work when you're not willing to bash a few heads. Empirical proof: the repeated attacks on “UN Safe-Zones” in Bosnia-Herzegovina. What's the good of a peace-keeping force that can't keep the peace? It discredits the UN (such as it can be discredited). is an exercise in economically bruising futility, and gives more work to political cartoonists. While isolationism can be a bit of a dilemma for a nation that seeks to actively promote democracy, I forward the example of Haiti. What sort of democracy have we really promoted, there? If you're gonna do it, do it right.

Meanwhile, imperialism. Again with the Haiti dilemma: if we'd taken over Haiti, and converted it via Manifest Destiny into, say, another Florida, they'd be in clover, and so would we. Make them a state. Or stay the hell outta Dodge.

Right. Well, I'm a bit of an absolutist. But definitive actions

have definitive outcomes. With our current policies, we never really fail...but we never really succeed, either.

#2) Longer school year/days.

#3) Federally Codified law, which is against the Constitution, but hey, we have greater telecommunications now.

#4) Pretty much anything endorsed by the Libertarian Party, regarding social issues.

#5) Decreased salary and term limits for all elected officials, especially ted Kennedy and Jesse Helms (I just don't like anyone, do I?).

Bah. I could go on. You get the gist. The main point is, this country can only limp along so much further under the current system. Shilly-Shallying, while a hallmark of it, is not a promoter of democracy. The Republican and Democratic parties are outmoded and (BOTH!) grounded in traditionalism. It is this type of atavism that proves the downfall of all great nations—England, Imperial Russia, Utica—and our government is crackling under the strain. the elephants and donkeys have to go, because all the clowns shoveling the fruits of their labor are getting mighty tired.

New parties are waiting in the wings. I guarantee it. And you all better start thinking, “cause I'm going to be one of them.

Welcome to my world.

Stephanie Cole
Section Hate Editor
The Hampshire Omen

Apathy Raised to An Artform

Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the

Notes From Limboland

author himself. He might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, that's Janet - Miss Jackson if you're nasty. Now, get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.

What I'm writing about this week may fly in the face of things I've said in the past. I just thought I'd let you all know that I am aware of the possible hypocrisy in my upcoming rantings, and that I don't give a flying fuck. This is just what I felt like writing about this week. 'Kay? Good.

Pleasantries aside, let's get down to business.

What I have to say is this: I don't care.

You heard right, Bunky. I don't care. I don't care about the food at Saga. I don't care about the pet ban. I don't care about the administration's supposed attempt to change student culture on this campus in a very Orwellian fashion. I don't care about the proposed removal of Div I's and the implementation of the completion of six classes requirement for next year's incoming students. I don't care about Sheila Moos, or Larry Archey, or Phys Plant's unionization attempts, or Greg Prince. I don't even care about the Yurt. I

just can't find it in myself to give a shit anymore.

Ah, student apathy. I am embracing it with open arms. I am letting it caress me with its lethargic touch, and letting it kiss me with its sloth-like lips. I am going to become the poster child for the much-maligned Generation X - or the Slacker Generation, whichever you prefer. I am going to whine and bitch and moan about how I'm never going to find a steady, good-paying job in my field, all the while sitting on my ass watching endless reruns of "My Two Dads" and finding it uproariously funny. I'm going to smoke too many cigarettes and drink too much beer and wear plaid flannels and baseball caps backwards and old jeans and Doc Martins or Chuck Taylors, and I'm going to complain loudly that the Baby Boomers screwed us over. I'm not going to vote - hell, I'm not even going to bother registering to vote.

"Screw It" is going to become my new motto, because, as I've said, I'm not going to care anymore.

Nope, you're not going to find me at any All-Community Meetings, or candlelight vigils, or on Community Council. I'll leave that to the people who think they can change the world. Where you will find me is in one of my classes, or in my room doing work, or in various libraries doing work, or maybe, when I have a spare moment, relaxing in front of the TV or with a good book. You see, a lot of what I just wrote was a weak attempt at humor. But now I'm pretty darn

serious. I've said that I can't find it in myself to care anymore. That's not entirely true. What it really is is this: I don't have the time to care.

I'm not the poster child for the 13th Gen. Sure, I wear plaid flannels and baseball caps backwards, but that's where the similarity ends. I'm busting my ass off trying to get myself an education - the kind of education that Hampshire offers - and, at the same time, keep myself economically afloat. In addition to my classes and homework, I work 30 or more hours a week at two jobs. I barely find enough time to catch six or seven hours of sleep a night. If I'm lucky, I can sleep eight, sometimes nine hours - and that's fucking heaven.

I guess what I'm saying is this: I'm really sick of people who think that they can change the world - no, let me amend that: people who think they can change the world that is Hampshire - and trying to get me involved with their various protest meetings, organizational meetings, bitch sessions, and what not. I'm sick of people trying to cram the notion down my throat that it is my duty to attend things like the All-Community Meeting. Fuck you, is all I have to say. No one is going to tell me what my duty is.

Personally, I think this semester's student politics have been a farce. "I can't live without my pet cramped in my room with me!" You should re-examine your priorities in life, then. "Public Safety is an Orwellian institution that's just out to get us!" Fuck you, you paranoid assholes, they're just

Continued on next page

The Long Wait

[Editor's note: I apologize to the author of this piece for publishing it so late, but unfortunately there was a two-issue gap between pre-registration, and this issue. So have yourself a merry little flashback. Thank You, and sorry, Chris.]

It was Pre-Registration Eve and I was very, very excited. Stuffing my sleeping bag into my backpack, I crept stealthily out of my room and down the empty corridor. I escaped unseen, making my way under the protective caover of night to the shimmering Adele Simmons Hall. My joy knew no bounds upon reaching ASH and finding no one there. With a contented sigh, I spread out my sleeping bag and promptly fell asleep, my goal, no, the apex of my very existence, having been reached: I would be the first in line to register.

Some may wonder at my motivation for camping out overnight, twenty hours early, just to be the first in the registration line. I am not completely sure myself, but I think that it is in a large part due to my constant striving for excellence, not to mention my unmatched dedication to excellence in my studies. I had also heard that this film class I kinda wanted to be in would fill up fast, so I wanted to be there early, so that I could thwart someone who really wanted to be in it. That would be funny.

Some may wonder if I fely any qualms at my blatant disregard for the line-forming time of 3:30. At first my conscience was ravaged and torn with guilt, and I could not

reconcile myself to such a despicable idea. Soon however, I pulled myself up from the torturous depths when I remembered that my dedication and love of my school work made me unique, indeed, a higher form of humanity. And when this realization dawned, I understood that I alone was above the law, impervious to any decree that could be issued by Central Records. This new understanding of my power was dazzling, and was the final evidence needed to validate my overnight foray. With this knowledge firmly in place, and a tranquil, beautiful smile gracing my features, I fell into a deep and untroubled slumber.

After only a few hours, my peaceful state was rudely disrupted by a bearded man, panting wildly and reeking of pungent smoke. By his gesticulations and frantic words I surmised his question: Was I the head of the line for Dead tickets? I kindly informed him of his mistake, and indicated my ignorance of where said tickets could be pro-

cured. He was very apologetic, even offering to smoke me up for interrupting my golden slumbers. I thanked him, but staunchly refused, seeing as how the ingestion of marijuana would not be conducive to my studies, which I was, of course, only nurturing with my early presence at ASH.

Immediately after he left again I fell asleep, and was only awoken at sunrise by a contraband dachshund, licking at my exposed head. He was in flight from the pitiless forces of Campus Security, who had chased him all the way from the porch of his modular enclave. Although I fervently wished to aid the oppressed pet, I simply could not grant him amnesty, and so imperil my current position in the front of the registration line. Instead I whispered in the dog's ear and sent him running in the direction of the secret headquarters of the pet underground railroad- the Yurt.

The rest of the morning passed uneventfully enough. The people

Continued on next page

Apathy Cont.

doing their jobs. "The administration is trying to change the very way we think!" Hey, the administration is very often fucked up in their collective heads, but they're not trying to change the way we think - they're just trying to run a college that, a lot of the time, proves to be a nightmare to administrate.

Nope. I just don't care anymore. Y'all go ahead and have your meetings. Go ahead and put letters

in students mailboxes to take home to their parents, thereby wasting much paper - if you care about that sort of thing. Go ahead and try to change Hampshire's world. I just don't think you're going to be able to do it.

That's it. Remember, kids: Keep you're feet on the ground, but keep . . . oh, screw it.

Thppth.

Josh Brassard

The Long Wait, Cont.

passing in and out of ASH disregarded me for the most part, completely unaware of my devious intentions. Since I was waiting in the line instead of sleeping through class, I needed something to do. Luckily, I had anticipated this the day before, and so came prepared with my Division One H&A project- a scrimshaw interpretation of Hampshire at night.

Never before had my role as a scrimshander demanded so much of my attention. I became wholly lost in the glorious moment of creation, and was only retuned to the present situation by a curious tapping on my back that grew steadily in speed and intensity. I turned to find that a sizeable line of fello registrants had appeared behind me, the closest of whom were striking me with large, blunt objects. They were furious at my apparent callousness, assuming that I was a whale-killer. I escaped narrowly by assuring them that the whalebone in question had been retrieved from a terminally ill whale, who had been peacefully euthanized.

Understandably enough, I became more tense with each passing moment that I waited in line. All I wanted was for the doors to open so that I could register and be gone from the growing hordes that now stretched as far as the eye could see. A wave of panic swept me as I surveyed the masses more closely. People were throwing frisbees and balls, circling off with hacky sacks, and spreading blankets for elaborate picnics. Booths had

been erected across the lawn: Greenpeace, voter registration, the National Rifle Association, Saint Mary Hidalgo of the Blessed Icon, Woodstock '94 commemorative t-shirts: all these and more were represented. A woman traversed the throngs pushing a hot dog cart. Students rushed in droves to the Ben and Jerry's stand. Still more emptied their wallets as the veggie burrito man made his rounds. A sinking feeling went through me: what if I had been mistaken? What if this was really the line for Grateful Dead Tickets?

My apprehension was unsubstantiated, however. Soon the doors of ASH were flung open, and I was ushered in. Trembling in the effulgence of the golden light, I bowed my head reverently and approached the computer-bound oracle, who alone had the power to determine my very fate and destiny. Wordlessly, I reached into my pocket to retrieve my registration form, and found... nothing. I was sent writhing to the floor, struck down with the terrible cruelty of failure. Grief, inconsolable grief, gripped me and I wailed in my misery. I had forgotten the form in my room.

The only thing to do was to go back to my room and get the forgotten form. Dejected, I slumped with hanging head past the line. I felt their scorching derision hot on my neck, but could not allow myself to weep openly. All that I had worked for had been sabotaged. I knew that I would not get into any of the classes I wanted, and that my Hampshire career would be perma-

nently marred. Still, there was nothing to do but get the form and join the back of the line.

I found the form just where I had left it on my desk, and re-emerged into the cold November afternoon. Following the snaking path of the line, I stood in the back of it, one foot in the library door and one foot out. Six hours later I found myself again inside ASH, although the light had no longer shimmered in the transcendent way that it had when I had first gone in. I was the final person to register. Wiping the salty tears from my cheek, I handed the registrar my form, knowing that I would be denied any of the classes I asked for. He looked at me with surprise when I asked if there were any spaces left.

"Why sure," he said, "there is plenty of room in these classes... but I have to tell you, uh, that tickets for the Grateful Dead have been sold for two and a half hours."

by Chris Deliso

Shudder to Think

w/
Sunny Day
Real Estate
and
Brainiac
8pm Mon., Dec 12
\$6
UMASS Student
Union Ballroom

Entertainment Section

Lords of Acid: Voo-Doo-U

"She has the body of a woman... (B'dum b'dum b'dum) ...but the powers of a witch."

Okay. Blatant sex. Control fantasies (psychic bondage stuff) to excite the most jaded Trent Reznor fan. Naked sapphic devil-ladies showin' their purple privates. It's... tasteless. It's European. It's techno. It makes a lot of people really really uncomfortable for a lot of different reasons.

Yup, it's those kooky Lords of Acid. They sing an ode to the crab louse ("Shake your pussy when you've got it in there/It grabs you by the pubic hair/It stays and sucks all day/It's there to stay...It turns me on. It makes me come."), they sing a song about a cross-dressing televangelist. They are generally offensive.

Of course those devil-ladies on the cover don't really look like they're having fun. They're "lesbians" just like the "lesbians" in most porn films. Under a THIN veneer of female pleasure lies the truth: It's all about making the watcher (man) excited. Lords of Acid's last album almost convinced me that other people could find it as exciting as the high-school-aged boys did... but in reality it was pretty much geared towards men's fantasies about women's fantasies. "Voodoo-U" is a little better, but it's still sounds more like guy jerk-off music than good sex music.

About the band: If you bought the big LOA album, "Lust," then you already know... nothing.

Have you noticed that this group is rather mysterious? Ah, but your humble reviewer happens to have an inside line, indeed I do.

Folks, you heard it here: Lords of acid is comprised (mainly) of:

Vocalist/group leader Lady Galore (yes, formerly of Pussy Galore) Her lover/care-taker/owner Nathalie Delaet (founded the group, now in hiding)The brilliant-if-not-particularly-enlightened keyboardist Shai de la Luna"Erhan," The guitarist, about whom I can divine NOTHING AT ALL (damn him)Lord T. Byron (Frank Vloeberghs), the bass player, and McGuiness (Kurt Liekens), the drummer. He's been around the Euro-Dance scene a while.

Now about the new album. They have taken the trance/hypnosis beat and added a compelling and very heavy rhythm guitar section to it. This album is a lot more interesting musically, even if it doesn't cut as cleanly as Lust. The first song (Voodoo-U) is full of spoken samples (think TKK), and is very reminiscent of their first album, but that's about it for the super-machine-driven stuff. Other songs of note include Crab Louse, not just for being gross, and Young Boys, for being one of the best songs ever dealing with the delicious pastime suggest by the title. What a sense of humor they have. Out Comes the Evil is a song which prescribes a fairly extreme recipe for contacting

Satan. Marijuana in Your Brain is almost as refreshing as Young Boys. I am very tired of all the mediocre music that tries to be hip by praising cannabis. This song does not praise it, or its users. It is in fact somewhat acerbic on the latter, though in a very tongue-in-cheek manner (this is LOA, so it is best not to ask what kind of cheek). It documents brutally the effects of pot, both social and sexual, and is one of the stronger songs on the album musically.

They have a raunchy love song from the lead singer to Bill Clinton. They have the requisite song in which the lead singer just groans orgasmically.

There's only one swear-word, although lots of dirty talk. The beautiful sarcasm that came through on I Must Increase my Bust is more prevalent, especially in MIYB and the last song, Blowing up your Mind, in which the group (for whatever reason) attacks rave culture and the people who rave.

Young Boys and Crab Louse are probably the best possibilities for successful singles, although all of the songs are very danceable. If you liked more than four or so songs on the first album, buy this one. Lords of Acid are nothing extraordinary, but they have carved out a very special niche for themselves. (See them in concert for the rush of your life). This album is more mature, more varied, but still not too far above average

Continued on next page

Bye-bye, Deniz

HURRAH HURRAH, MY
LAST OMEN ARTICLE EVER

1994 is almost dead. thank god. this year really SUCKED, didn't it? well anyway, you know what the end of the year means in Musicland—yup, best-of lists. in blindly following this rather silly tradition, i give to you my top 11 coolest albums of the year list. why 11? i dunno, i just don't like the number 10 very much. deal with it.

for the sake of being able to mention more stuff, i have not included Unplugged in New York by Nirvana or Pisces Iscariot by Smashing Pumpkins or Polyfusia by Seefeel on this list, because as glorious as these releases are they aren't really new (the first one being a recording of a year-old concert and the other two being compilations). and i also haven't included the new Pearl Jam album Vitalogy on this list because, alas, i have not actually heard the whole thing yet because i don't have a record player and the album is only out on vinyl now [GRUMBLE]. sorry 'bout that. so here then, in sort-of order (though not precisely by any means), is my list:

R.E.M., Monster
Nine Inch Nails, The Downward Spiral
Hole, Live Through This

Tori Amos, Under The Pink
Suede, Dog Man Star
Glee Club, Mine (also gets my vote for most underrated album)
Cranes, Loved
Echobelly, Everybody's Got One
Morrissey, Vauxhall and I
Kristin Hersh, Hips and Makers

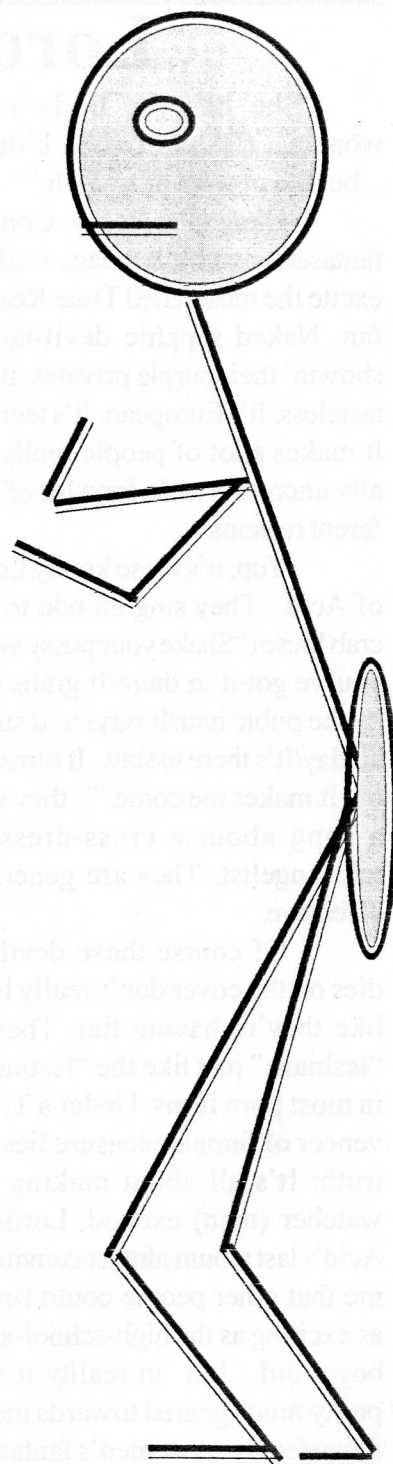
Pizzicato Five, Made in USA (sorry, i just HAD to throw this one in. tee-hee) so there you go, just off the top of my head. if you don't agree, well then, make up your own list and submit it to the Omen for their next issue. you won't hear any arguments from me, 'coz i won't be here. i'm off to LA! it's been fun, kiddies, but destiny calls...

BYE-EE
—DENIZ

Acid Flashback

as dance music goes. There are no throw-away tracks, but only a few songs really stick with you for the tunes or choruses. I'm waiting for the remixes... we'll see if this has the sticking power of the immortal "Lust."

—DAMIEN WEAVER



Land, Jonathan,
1994: The Butt Dance
(Detail)

Bye Deniz! Thanks for
filling our paper! - B+J

Ben Kicks it Old School

Hey yo! Remember me? I'm Ben, the Production Editor, and I just felt like mouthing off for a column or two if I could, since we need it.

I don't really know what to mouth off about, but I can attack several things that have pissed me off around this campus. First off was the Columbus graffiti... You know, the person with the silver paint marker that went around writing shit like "Columbus Go Home."

Frankly, most of what I want to know is: What the hell is the point? I might be able to understand protesting the celebration of the holiday; it is kind of pointless. But I'd bet that everyone on this campus knows that.

Most of the graffiti didn't even deal with this directly. It just took shots at a man who'd been dead for damn near five hundred years. Why? He's not going to care, and any damage he may have done is irreparable at this point. You can't repair it, unless you'd like us all to head back to Europe?

But anyway, at least you did something, I guess... But if you're feeling the need to mobilize politically, why not focus on the more pressing problems of our society, like its government.

Okay, on to another problem. Jon and I attended the Funding Cycle this Sunday, along with representatives from about thirty other campus organisations. We all sat around and listened to each other make speeches for a little over an hour. Pretty boring, but

not nearly as bad as previous years. And then, of course, we had to fill out a budget, deciding how to cut everyone's budget down to a total of \$62550.

What surprised me most was the number of groups that either did not show up or did not even submit the forms to be on the budget. These included such campus notables as KAGFLORT, the Aids Info Collective, the QCA, Excalibur, and even Merrill House.

My basic point is that if any of these groups get emergency funding, then the whole funding cycle system is a crock of shit. All of us that attended the meeting made sacrifices to be there, and it would really piss me off if an organisation that didn't bother to

show up got funding.

Maybe something came up, maybe they had too much work to do; the excuses possible are countless. But if any are accepted, then the whole funding cycle is pointless, and might as well be done by mail. I thought that part of the point was for the truly dedicated to prove themselves by sitting through all that crap, and thus earn their share. Maybe I was wrong.

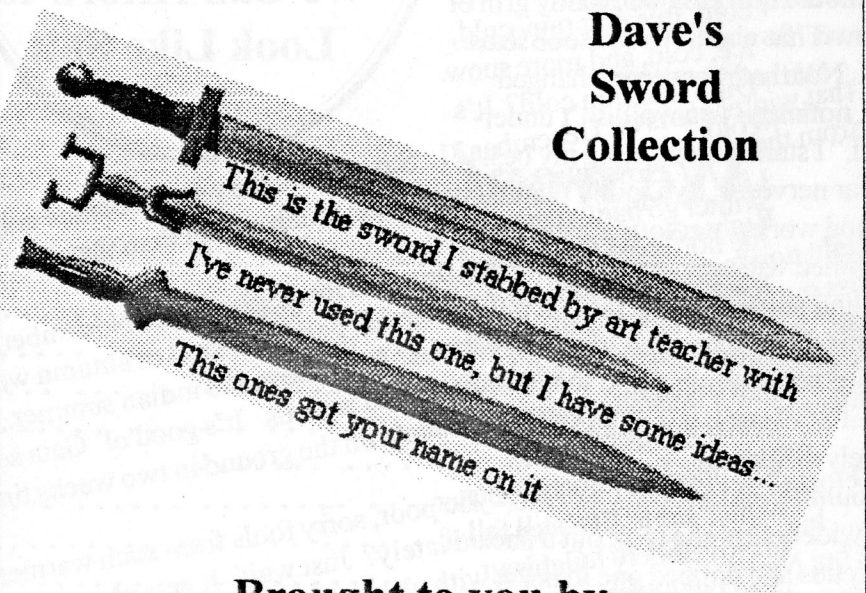
Anyway that's all that I really feel the need to vent about right now. Thanks, and fuck off.

Love,

Ben Sanders
Production Editor

P.S. What the hell was the Phoenix's layout staff thinking?

Dave's Sword Collection



**Brought to you by
the Hampshire
Omen**

